

# Peninsula Enterprise.

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Shipping Letter C

DOMINION OF WOMAN.

THE GLORIOUS RIGHTS SHE ALREADY POSSESSES.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Favors Woman Suffrage, but He Sees Higher Rights for Women Than This—The Realm of Home—An Allegory.

St. Louis, June 16.—In his sermon for today Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has reached this city on his western tour, discusses a subject of universal interest—viz., "Woman's Opportunity"—his text being, "She shall be called woman," Genesis ii, 23.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—men to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open up my desk the worthy, iron typed, thunderbolts of Horace Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary?

The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual; I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human philosopher will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bumbling legislator ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and this is the line."

My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are no useful women and there are no useful men. Interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and the boards of trade can hinder her. I want women to understand that heart and brain can overflow any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

Women and the Ballot.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls, and righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities man has so nearly made the ballot box a failure, suppose we let women try. But there are some who know of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems merely to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best right that woman can own she already has in her possession—that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits today on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote the Great Government and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship? The right of suffrage as we men exercise it seems to me the best right that woman can own. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot—the off-scouring of the street—and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence

of that vote will throw through the eternities.

Her Most Glorious Rights.

My chief anxiety then is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while, but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it struggles to get it. Prices down. Prices down. Losses. Misrepresentations. Under-selling. Bayers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess.

Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, give it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unadorned rooms, undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an illustrious residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquets and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

The Realm of Home.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire, but I have to tell you that our realm of woman's influence eternally never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spaniards through the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principles.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia or of Anne of England or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take these thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust, she was the queen. The chariot of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the soil that covers her, crying, "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to feel upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come a cold wind from the Jordan and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say, "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick."

One wave of his hand and the storm will drop, and another wave of his hand and midnight shall break into noon, and another wave of his hand and the chambers of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes of light, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some 10 or 15 years ago, when they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that state marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up most places of dissipation that were ever counted! Were they opened again? Oh, yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans, but when Deborah appeared upon the scene Sisera took to his heels and got to his heels. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation" and "Old Hundred" and "Battle Street" and "Bethany," they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in battle array, but, oh, what poor success! For that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymnbooks in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer meetings was a very poor business. No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the east had as much faith in God as their sisters of the west had and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grogshops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets burgundy and cognac and heidick and old port and schiedma schnapps and lager beer, and you would save your fathers and your husbands and your sons first from a drunkard's grave and secondly from a drunkard's hell. To this battle for home let all women rally themselves. Thank God for our early home, Thank God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

An Allegory.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep, I said, "I seem to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When do they put on workman's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towns and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city."

And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree and I said, "What am I and where comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their rep I knew it and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their

apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here," and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home! home! home!"

Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

The Aggravating Shoe Lacing.

The low shoe and the dangling lace are as common as field daisies in summer, and yet comparatively few persons avail themselves of the numerous patent devices for making taut and secure the tops of these shoes. Among the latest contrivances are two tiny clasps which are said to be infallible in their continuous grip.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Baluchistan was thus called because the Beloches were the dominant tribe in its river valleys and plains.

Candles were first used symbolically on the altars of churches in the fourth century.

HABITS OF THE HORNBILL.

These Little Feathered Folks Have a Great Idea of Home.

A curious South African bird is the variety of hornbill known as Tockus melanoleucus, Licht, a paper on which by Dr. Schönlank of the Albany museum was read at a recent meeting of the South African Philosophical society at Cape Town. The nesting habits of this hornbill are so extraordinary that they have been repeatedly referred to by various writers, but owing to the difficulty of finding the nests of the birds many details of the earlier accounts are not quite correct, while others are not touched upon at all.

During the last four years Dr. Schönlank has examined, he said, no fewer than seven nests altogether, with the birds belonging to most of them. The birds are often seen in winter in large numbers in the gardens at Graham's Town, but in the summer they are only to be met with in proximity to closely wooded kloofs, and this is due to the fact that they nest in places where hollow trees are to be found. All observers agreed that during incubation the female is a prisoner in a kind of cage, the entrance to which is closed so close an extent that it has to be broken open before the female can leave the nest. In all the cases he had seen the nests were built in hollow trees. Mrs. Barber had said that they sometimes made the nest between the crowded stems of the tall euphorbia, but that could not be reconciled with some of her other statements. The birds had apparently no preference for any particular trees so long as it suited their purpose. The essential point for them was that the hollow stem should be sufficiently large for the female to move about in the nest, and whether there is one or more entrances, all must be of such nature that they can be partially or wholly closed up. The female, once inside, is fed by the male through the narrow slit left in the material with which the entrance is closed or through a natural cleft in the wood. In the latter case the main entrance is closed up completely. This may be a precautionary measure to protect the female during the season of incubation.

He questioned the statement whether the male built or the female, as Livingstone stated he had been told by a native. The female took an essential part in the plastering up of the entrance. Having described the nests which he had seen, he proceeded to state that the female, after going into the nest, usually began to molt, and was sometimes almost naked. She was usually very fat while in prison, as the male bird brought her food every few minutes. As soon as danger approached, the female bird climbed up the nest as far as possible away from the entrance and kept perfectly quiet until the danger had passed. The bird behaved in the same manner, the male relying for protection on the fact that the nest is not easily recognized as such. No doubt if attacked the hornbill could give a good account of itself. The female is imprisoned for seven or eight weeks, certainly for not less than six weeks. The eggs are laid about the end of December or beginning of January, and are usually three or four in number and vary in size. He felt certain from minute observation that the female constructed her own prison, and left it some time before the young were fully developed. On her leaving it was plastered up again in the same manner, and the female helped the male feed the young. He concluded by stating that there was plenty of scope for further investigation into the nesting habits of the hornbill.

—St. James Gazette.

Lemons in Southern Italy.

The damp, soft soil of Sorrento is perfect for the cultivation of the orange, but Massa-Lubrense, which is dry and more sheltered, is given up to the produce of lemons, which yield an enormous percentage to the fortunate possessors of land that can be used for that purpose. Orange trees are here and there mingled with the lemons, just as lemon trees will be seen in the midst of the orange groves of Sorrento, though in neither case are they the chief produce of the place.

Massa-Lubrense is largely indebted for its salubrious air to its lemon plantations. Three years must pass before a newly planted lemon tree begins to bear fruit, and in order to bring it to perfection it must be freely watered. A hollow is dug round the base of the tree to receive the water as in a basin, so that it may slowly penetrate to the roots. Poles are planted at intervals in the ground, somewhat higher than the trees, and smaller poles or canes are placed crossways above them, which are covered with matting when the winter approaches. It is not removed till the spring is well advanced, for lemon trees must be most carefully sheltered from wind or frost. The fruit is gathered chiefly during the summer months, especially in May, July and September, though there are lemons on the trees all the year round.—Chambers' Journal.

A Boiler Drilling Machine.

A most ingenious device has been described before one of the societies of mechanical engineers, England—viz, a machine for boiler drilling with speed and precision. In this mechanism the multiple drilling heads for the circular saws are described as being mounted chiefly during the summer months, especially in May, July and September, though there are lemons on the trees all the year round.—Chambers' Journal.

on a cross slide carried by two uprights, as in a planing machine, this cross slide being raised or lowered by means of a screw.

The drills on the cross slide are five in number, and can be set to varying pitches and angles, and six drills for the butt seams are arranged upon a vertical column on the opposite side of the circular driving table. This table is an annular ring with a large hole in the center, and is carried on friction rollers only. In the central hole stands a strong upright, sliding on an independent bed below the table, so that it can be advanced or withdrawn by a screw actuated from the outside of the boiler shell, and be brought up against the inside of the shell opposite to the drilling spindles, thus forming a rigid support for the work, being available for supporting the shell when drilling the butt seams by being set in the opposite direction. The arrangement is such that all the drills can be quickly set to varying pitches and at the same time made to point directly to the center of the boiler, without disturbing the action of the machine. The drills can also be advanced or withdrawn by the workman standing in one position and actuating a single lever only. Independent adjustment of each drill is provided.—New York Sun.